

Good Morning S76

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



THE current "London Gazette" announces the following awards ("Good Morning's" congratulations go out to all concerned):—

For undaunted courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines:—

D.S.O.
Lieut. Tobin Subremont Weston, D.S.C., R.N.

Bar to D.S.C.
Lieut. Richard Gatehouse, D.S.C., R.N., and
Mr. Bernard Frank Holdrup, D.S.C., Warrant Engineer, R.N. (Torquay).

D.S.C.
Lieut. Kenneth James Clark, R.N., and
Lieut. Philip Rutter Wood, R.N.

D.S.M.
Actg. Chief Petty Officer John Thomas Rodham.
Engine Room Artificer Third Class George Gould Bowden.
Petty Officer Sydney Valentine Wragg.

Temp. Petty Officer Roland Reever Lewis Harding.
Actg. Petty Officer Samuel Patterson.

Stoker Petty Officer Reginald Naruschkin Bucke.

Electrical Artificer Fourth Class William Arthur Brown.

Actg. Leadg. Signalman William Edward Pearce.

Actg. Leadg. Seaman John Wallace Porter.

Actg. Leadg. Seaman John Harry Wilson.

Actg. Leadg. Stoker Alfred Albert Charles Jackson.

Actg. Leadg. Stoker William Kay, and

Signalman Dennis Raymond Stevenson.

Mention in Despatches.

Lieut. William Patrick McLoughlin, R.N.

Temp. Sub-Lieut. Nigel Gibbs, R.N.V.R.

Actg. Stoker Petty Officer Leslie James Allen.

Actg. Leadg. Seaman John Anderson.

Actg. Leadg. Seaman Manny George William Gooding.

Able Seaman Jack Baker.

ODD QUOTES

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gray's Elegy.

Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind;

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.

David Garrick

(1716-1779).

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;

A brother to relieve—how exquisite the bliss!

Robert Burns.

He might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.

Gregory's Life of Hall.

Reparation for our rights at home and security against the like future violations.

Pitt (1708-1778).

Leaping, Vaulting, Archery all O.K. on the Sabbath

TO whom are we responsible for our Sunday laws? Some of our present laws governing the Sabbath are not only antiquated, but are positively a source of grievance.

For instance, it is still legally justifiable for any neighbour, or even stranger, to bring a charge against a citizen for "not attending church." The law that laid it down that people must attend church every Sabbath has never been repealed.

Penance, too, is still possible as a penalty for wrongdoing—and that means penance before the congregation of a church or place of worship. In the old days this was quite a common penalty for adultery, swearing, drunkenness, lying and cheating.

The culprit was given a white smock, and often had to walk round the building several times, bearing a printed card stating his (or her) offence. More often still the accused had to recite a confession of the charge and call on the aid of the Almighty to preserve him from a repetition of the offence.

The first monarch to make Sabbath laws was the Christian Emperor Constantine of Rome. In the year A.D. 321 he decreed that "all judges, townspeople, and the occupation of all trades shall rest on the venerable day of the sun."

But gradually this law became more observed in the breach than the observance, and it is to the Puritans to whom we must hand the cake for strict Sabbath observance.

They thought that the reformation of the Church during Elizabeth's reign was incomplete, and they strove to put an end to all recreation on the Lord's Day.

The word "Sunday" was considered at that time to be reminiscent of paganism. And

there were whispers against Elizabeth herself. She is known to have visited Kenilworth and had plays enacted and processions and bands and tourneys during the Lord's Day.

More than that, there was a big group who believed that she was not the real heir to the throne, inasmuch as she was declared to be illegitimate by birth.

Shakespeare refers to this, and it is an historical fact that the very Archbishop who blessed the wedding of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn and declared it a legal wedding "without doubt or opposition" was the same Archbishop who declared, when Anne was beheaded and another took her place, that "the wedding between His Majesty and Anne Boleyn never was anything else than null and void." And Elizabeth was the child of Anne!

The Puritans, however, did not have it all their own way. The people of Lancashire petitioned King James I that their habitual Sabbath pleasures were being stopped, and James drew up a list and caused it to be proclaimed in the churches. This publication was called "The King's Book of Sports."

The proclamation was read out after service in every parish church, and decreed that among the legal relaxations were "dancing either for men or women, archery for men, leaping and vaulting." But it forbade bull- or bear-baiting.

Even then people were not allowed to indulge in sport unless they previously had attended the church service.

But religious feeling was so strong that many clergy refused to read the proclamation. They were sent to prison in most cases for disobedience, and in other cases they were fined heavily; and if they could not pay, or did not pay, then it was the cells for them.



The King's Book of Sports had a sad end. Just before the outbreak of the Civil War it was ordered to be burned by the common hangman, and this was done in Cheapside, London, and elsewhere.

Throughout the Commonwealth the Sabbath laws were tightened up and many of the old penalties revived. People just had to go to church, or else stay at home "decorously and with meditative minds."

Even a walk in the country was held to be something approaching blasphemy, because "the Lord rested on the seventh day."

The Restoration, however,

wiped out many of these dictatorial laws, but the result was the passing of the Lord's Day Observance Act in 1677, and that Act still holds good in many ways to-day.

Under its provisions many modern prosecutions have taken place. There have been modifications of the Act, but it has never wholly been abolished. So take care what you do on the Sabbath.

In the case of war, of course, many Acts are shelved; but in the great new world for which we are fighting the Act may again be attacked, and perhaps overthrown.

ALF RHODES.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST By THOMAS À KEMPIS

If you would make real progress, keep all your senses well disciplined and restrained.

Laughter is good, but some mirth is just foolishness.

It is wonderful that any man can heartily rejoice in this life, when he weighs and considers the many dangers to his soul.

Through giving too little thought to our own defects, we are apt not to feel the sorrows of our soul. Indeed, we often laugh when in all reason we ought to weep.

Think on this truth. There is no true liberty, no real joy, except through a proper regard of God, with a good conscience. Happy is he who separates himself from all that may burden or soil his conscience.

Strive manfully. It is a fact that custom is overcome by custom.

If you let men alone, they will allow you to do the things you need to do.

Don't busy yourself with other men's affairs, nor entangle yourself with the causes of great ones. Don't grieve because you haven't of men. To have few comforts in this world is often a profitable and secure position.

Yet the fact that we have no divine comforts is our own fault; because we do not seek compunction of heart, nor rid ourselves of vain and outward satisfactions.

No man lives in this world without tribulations; and the more thoroughly, the more he grieves.

The subjects for proper grief are our vices and sins, in which we are so entangled as

to be scarce able to contemplate heavenly things.

If you will consider seriously in your heart the future punishments of hell and purgatory, I feel sure you would quite willingly endure labour and pain and have no fear at all of austerity.

Alas, so often these things reach not the heart, and by continuing to love the things which flatter us we remain cold and very sluggish.

It is often a want of spirit which makes the wretched body so easily complain.

In a word, it is wise to pray humbly to Our Lord that He will give us the spirit of compunction.

The less we think about ourselves, the less do we lay up for ourselves grief and bodily pain.



Kippers for Tea A.B. Joe Hughes

"KIPPERS for tea, Joe." were quite intrigued—how's it going on, by the way?

Ever heard these words before, Able Seaman Joseph Hughes? Yes, there were kippers for tea when we called on your mother at 24a King Gardens, Mill Street, Liverpool, 8.

Your mother was looking very well, Joe, and sends you her love and all best wishes. She let us into the secret of the Liverpool girl-friend. We

Isabel and Gladys come round to your mother quite regularly, and Gladys very often joins her for a quick one at "Kelly's."

Uncle Ernest had to leave us to go fire-watching.

That's all from King Gardens. The very best from everybody. Good luck!

YOUR photograph that appeared in "Good Morning" 403 has been sent to your mother, A.B. Robert (Lucky) Preston.

It appears that the folk at home liked the picture, and they will be sending one on to you. Mrs. Preston also asked for three copies of the appropriate paper, but on account of the paper control I'm afraid that isn't possible. It's like this—we get so much paper, and every copy we keep ashore means one less going to sea, so . . . Anyway, we will see what can be done.

TOKYO radio reported the other day that an Allied submarine had been spotted within sixty miles of the capital.

That's probably not news for you guys, but, believe me, it caused a stir here.

It's safe for me to guess the words of everyone who read that story. Here they are: "Good hunting, gentlemen." And we know that when you get to closer quarters you won't need to be told to "Remember Pearl Harbour."

Ron Richards

Your Criticism and Ideas about Good Morning are welcome—and necessary. Write to "G.M." c/o Press Division Admiralty London, S.W.1

Badgers like Wasps for breakfast

Says Fred Kitchen

IT was seldom that Joe was in the "Plough" when the keeper was having his glass.

By a strange coincidence, Joe usually had a desire for the ploughed fields about the same time as the keeper had a desire for the "Plough."

It was Friday night, and Joe saw the keeper enter the "Plough"; then he sauntered aimlessly across the fields.

In his pocket he carried half-a-dozen "necklaces"—Joe's pet name for "snickles" (rabbit snares).

And it was because of these that he took a fancy for the ploughed fields whenever he saw the keeper comfortably settled in the "Plough."

He began furtively to set the "necklaces" alongside the wood, and had placed three of them in "smooch-holes" where rabbits had run through the hedge, when he disturbed a nest of wasps.

Joe wasn't interested in wasps—his studies in wild-life being solely confined to rabbits—and he would have taken no further notice of them had not one of the busy insects settled on his neck.

He uttered a hasty exclamation and beat a hasty retreat, without stopping to set down any more "necklaces," arriving

back in the village in time to "have one" before turning-out time.

He inquired quite neighbourly of the keeper on "how his garden did," which seemed rather to surprise that gentleman, as he and Joe were not particularly pally owing to their differing views on "necklaces."

Next morning Joe went out early, for in spite of his friendly overtures, he didn't like the way the keeper had eyed him over last night.

He walked cautiously along the wood side, peering into the hedge to see if his "necklaces" had worked, when he saw something stirring near the wasp-nest.

He crept a little nearer—mindful of his neck—and was surprised to see a pair of badgers digging up the nest.

He knew badgers were tough customers, but it amazed him to see them breakfasting wasps, quite indifferent to the stings which the angry insects were trying to inflict through their rough coats.

They even picked wasps off each other's coats and devoured them with relish. But it was the grubs they seemed to enjoy most, judging by the

satisfied grunts they emitted as they nosed into the earth.

Joe felt quite happy in having such good allies, and, having no liking for wasps himself, was quite fascinated by the way the badgers were enjoying them.

He crept still nearer, and found he couldn't see so well from close quarters owing to the bushy hedge, so he thrust out his head to peep.

The badgers were too intent on their lucky find to look around, when—"Blast!" shouted Joe, and they bolted into the wood, leaving their breakfast unfinished.

Then the keeper stepped out. He "eyed" Joe over a full minute without speaking, and Joe would have returned the compliment but for the fact that his vision was becoming impaired owing to certain swellings around his face.

"Well, tha looks a bearty, Joe, lad!" said the keeper, and Joe, being aware he was no beauty, even without wasp stings, replied, "My face ain't no business o' yours!"

"It's a sorry business, whoever it belongs to!" retorted the keeper, and, thinking Joe had had enough punishment without being questioned on his movements at that early hour, he walked away laughing.



PSALM FOR SEAMEN

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger

like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

More Words . . .

HERE'S a further column of words to sing to the tunes you know. Sheets of music and words are being sent out for distribution.

NOW MORE THAN EVER.

By courtesy of Southern Music Publishing Co. Words and music by Jack Taylor, Bob Musel, Ray Sonin.

Out of sight, and out of mind, Not when love is true, For since you went away I find There's no one else but you.

Now, more than ever, I want you to know, This heart belongs to you alone,

Now, more than ever, wherever you go, No one can take your place, my own.

I'll be the same, whether you're near or at the furthest star; You'll always be here in my arms, no matter where you are.

I said I loved you, it seems long ago, But I will never break my vow, Because I love you more than ever now.

THE DEAR LITTLE ISLE I LOVE.

By courtesy of Keith Prowse and Co. Words by Sonny Miller, Music by Thelma Brakspear.

Tho' I'm a rover, my thoughts ever stray, I dream of my homeland so far away.

Altho' an ocean may keep us apart, Oh! Ireland, my Ireland, you're in my heart.

Refrain:
'Tis a dear old Isle Is the Emerald Isle. It's my Heaven over the sea. There's a lovely Colleen, With the grace of a queen, I know that she waits for me; Sure my heart would go Where the shamrocks grow, If I had the wings of a dove, For wherever I roam, It will call me home, The dear little Isle I love.

IN THE SPIRIT OF THE MOMENT.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Lyric by Bernie Grossman; music by Walter Jurman.

It was a lovely setting, Night and a thousand charms; How could we help forgetting, I held you in my arms.

In the spirit of the moment, When the moon was dim and low,

We were near it for a moment, And we felt aglow; With the start of a dream never ending,

Then we knew we were thro' with pretending;

In the spirit of the moment, In the melody of dawn; We could hear it for a moment, And that moment lingers on; From a spark in the dark, Love became a flame divine, In the spirit of the moment Your heart was mine.

LET'S PRETEND.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Words and music by Gerry Mason.

Just before we say "Good-bye," Will you let me know if I'll Be granted one request? Here's what I'd like the best.

Let's pretend we're still in love with one another, Let's pretend we never meant to drift apart,

Let me say that there could never be another, For you're still in my heart, dear,

Let's pretend it is that evening in September, When I vowed by all the moon and stars above,

That I would be yours till eternity, do you remember? Let's pretend that you and I are still in love.

Cameras don't sleep in Winter Time

Derek Richards' Photo-Feature

DO you pack your camera away every autumn? If so, you are not only way behind the times, but you are missing grand opportunities in a wide and fascinating field of camera work.

Glance through your photo collection; beach and bathing scenes, friends in the garden, week-end hikes, holiday landscapes—probably all taken during the summer months.

But what happens between October and April? Are there no scenes worth recording? What about the view down the road when it was snowing, the Christmas party, skating on the lake, reflections on the pavement after a shower, or the gaunt outline and long shadows of November trees?

In the past the camera was allowed to hibernate because winter light was considered too dull (also too yellow and inactive) for the ordinary snapshotter. These days, however, with high-speed colour-sensitive films and moderately-priced home lighting sets, the way is clear for every camera-owner to tackle winter photography indoors and out.

Subjects are plentiful. So plentiful, in fact, that only the outdoor ones will be approached this week.

With few exceptions, your camera should be loaded with a high-speed panchromatic film or plate. Their sensitivity to red and yellow light, of which winter sun is so largely composed, reduces exposures sufficiently for good photos to be taken with any box camera on any sunny day in the year.

If you have greater control of exposure, you may make use of filters, and take good photos on dull days, or even in fog, mist and rain.

For strong clouds, the usual pale yellow filter for summer landscapes is replaced by a slightly darker one.

The slight mist to be found in the country in winter time gives realistic atmosphere to the wintry scene, so beware of cutting it out with too strong a filter.

To capture the full beauty of a snowscape through the eye



of the camera takes a little care, and as the chances of re-takes come so infrequently, often but once a year, it is worth while being prepared to make a really good attempt first time.

The brilliancy of snow scenes, as compared with normal landscapes at that time of the year, frequently result in over-exposure. As a very rough guide, an average shot at mid-day in winter with sun unobscured would require 1/25th sec. at F/16 on fast panchromatic film.

As in most outdoor pictures, a spot of sun is well worth waiting for. It shows the foreground snow as white, sparkling snow, and not as a greyish-white blanket. The lower elevation of the winter sun will give good surface texture and attractive shadows at most times of the day, but early morning sunshine provides the ideal opportunity.

A pale yellow filter will cut down the ultra-violet light scattered by the snow particles and should be made use of when the necessary increase of exposure is practicable.

If you are convinced that photography in winter is worth while, the pictures are as good as in the camera. Apart from the few pointers mentioned above, they may be treated in almost exactly the same way as summer snaps. They are just as easy and just as worth-while.

Living Lines

The maid who modestly conceals Her beauties, while she hides, reveals; Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

Edward Moore (1712-1757).

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome at an inn.

W. Shenstone (1714-1763).

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of pow'r, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Thomas Gray (1716-1771).

1884 Stop-Press.

"Atlantic Flown"

LARGE aircraft cross the Atlantic now in dozens every day, and it is interesting to recall that it is just sixty years since the headlines of the newspapers first told, in their large letters, "Atlantic Ocean Flown."

The headlines of 1884, of course, were the result of a cleverly perpetrated hoax.

A Mr. Mason had made plans for a gigantic flying machine, and, taking advantage of the interest aroused, Edgar Allan Poe, the author, managed to get the New York papers to swallow a story of the crossing with five passengers.

The flight was supposed to have taken three days, and E. A. Poe's lively imagination was able to supply the most graphic details.

Thirty-four years later, in August, 1918, the New York journal, "Flying," gave a graphic account of the crossing of the Atlantic by an aeroplane on July 28th and 29th.

The most minute log details and illustrations were given, and the story excited widespread interest.

But by this time wireless and telegraphic facilities were better, and it was not long before the story was shown to be a hoax, perpetrated by some people who felt it would stimulate interest in trans-Atlantic flights, which were still being scoffed at. The hoax became a reality only a year later.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

One of the most astonishing hoaxes was the "Cardiff Giant," a stone figure of great

size, showing a man lying on his side, excavated by a farmer near Cardiff, in New York State, in 1869.

People flocked to see it, and readily fell for the idea that it was a "petrified man" of very early origin.

Anti-Darwinists used it as an argument, for the controversy about the origin of man was then heated. Even modest scientists speculated in print about its origin.

The origin was eventually shown to have been a gypsum block which was carved and buried by people who wanted to show how the public and even "quack scientists" would "fall for" a fraud if it was cleverly perpetrated.

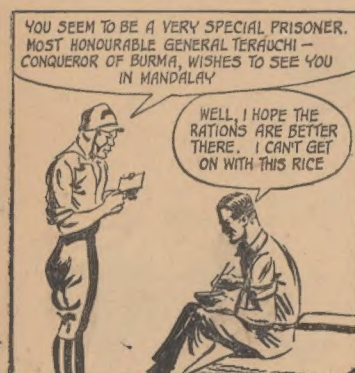
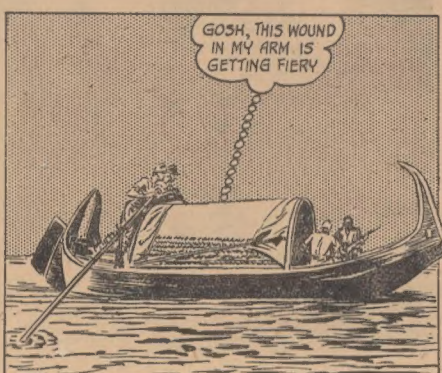
The fraud was exposed by a Yale professor by purely scientific methods, but not before the perpetrator was able to claim that he had taken in eminent clergymen, professors and the public in England as well as the U.S.

That in spite of modern communications it is still possible to put over an ingenious hoax has been shown several times.

There was the case of Dr. F. A. Cook, who hoaxed the world in 1908 into believing he had been to the North Pole, and was not exposed until after long and spectacular controversy. Much more recently there was the spectacular hoax over Kitchener's coffin, which, when opened in the presence of Sir Bernard Spillsbury and a coroner, contained nothing at all.

T. S. Douglas

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

IT is reported in London that the 5c., 25c., and 2fr. 50c. values in all the definitive Free French series are now obsolete. The 5c. and 25c. stamps have been distributed extensively in cheap packets sold at stationers' shops, and I imagine that a feverish hunt for them will follow.

Information about these values in the recently issued set for Wallis and Futuna is conflicting. If they also are not to be reprinted, the present

price for the set, 5s. 6d., is low. But I think few serious collectors, who know their market and also value their money, will be tempted to touch the set for investment.

I hear that the American Bank Note Co. of New York have recess-printed five new Air Mail stamps for Liberia, two for inland and three for exterior postage. The charge for inland mail is 12 cents per 100z., and the new stamps are 12c. ultramarine and 24c. bluish-green. The design shows a plane, watched by natives, passing over the grounds of the Liberian Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition. The reduced Transatlantic rate from 90c. to 70c. per 100z. is responsible for three new denominations in the map design of 1942—35c. purple, 70c. olive green, and \$1.40 red-orange.

During the last war, the Germans, their African colonies lost to the Allies, over-ran this negro republic, which lies on the Grain Coast between Sierra Leone and the French Ivory Coast. In August, 1917, the Liberian Government, encouraged no doubt by the visit of a British warship to the capital, Monrovia, declared war on Germany. Liberia was a signatory of the Treaty of Versailles.

From Liberia's many pictorial stamps can be gained a fair idea of the character of the land, its people and its industries. There are immense tracts of palm, kola and cotton trees, and twenty-two varieties of trees producing rubber are known.

Coffee is indigenous (a coffee plantation is the subject of the black and yellow-green stamps of 1909 series), and pineapple (also given philatelic recognition) runs wild over the whole country.

Rubber was first exploited by Europeans in 1898, and a typical inland house used by the foresters is seen on the \$1 value of the 1923 series. Up till 1927, trade with the natives (they are expert, by the way, at cotton spinning and weaving) was by barter, and the "currency" consisted of "brass kettles, cutlasses, kegs of gunpowder, tobacco and pieces of cloth." The 15c. stamp in the same series shows a native working at a primitive loom.

The colourful series recess-printed by Perkins, Bacon, in 1906, depicts several of the birds and beasts for which Liberia is renowned, particularly the small hippopotamus on the 75c. denomination.

Liberia in 1943 issued a fresh series of these "zoo" stamps. They were bi-coloured and engraved in six values—1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 10 cent. Half of them picture varieties of antelope, while the 10c. shows the well-known Diana monkey, sometimes called the bay-thighed monkey on account of its brilliant orange-red thighs.

The gunboat "Lark" on the black and blue 5c. value of the 1909 issue recalls a typical

story in the republic's history. She was originally a British vessel, the "Eros," of 770 tons displacement, armed with two six-pounder and two three-pounder guns.

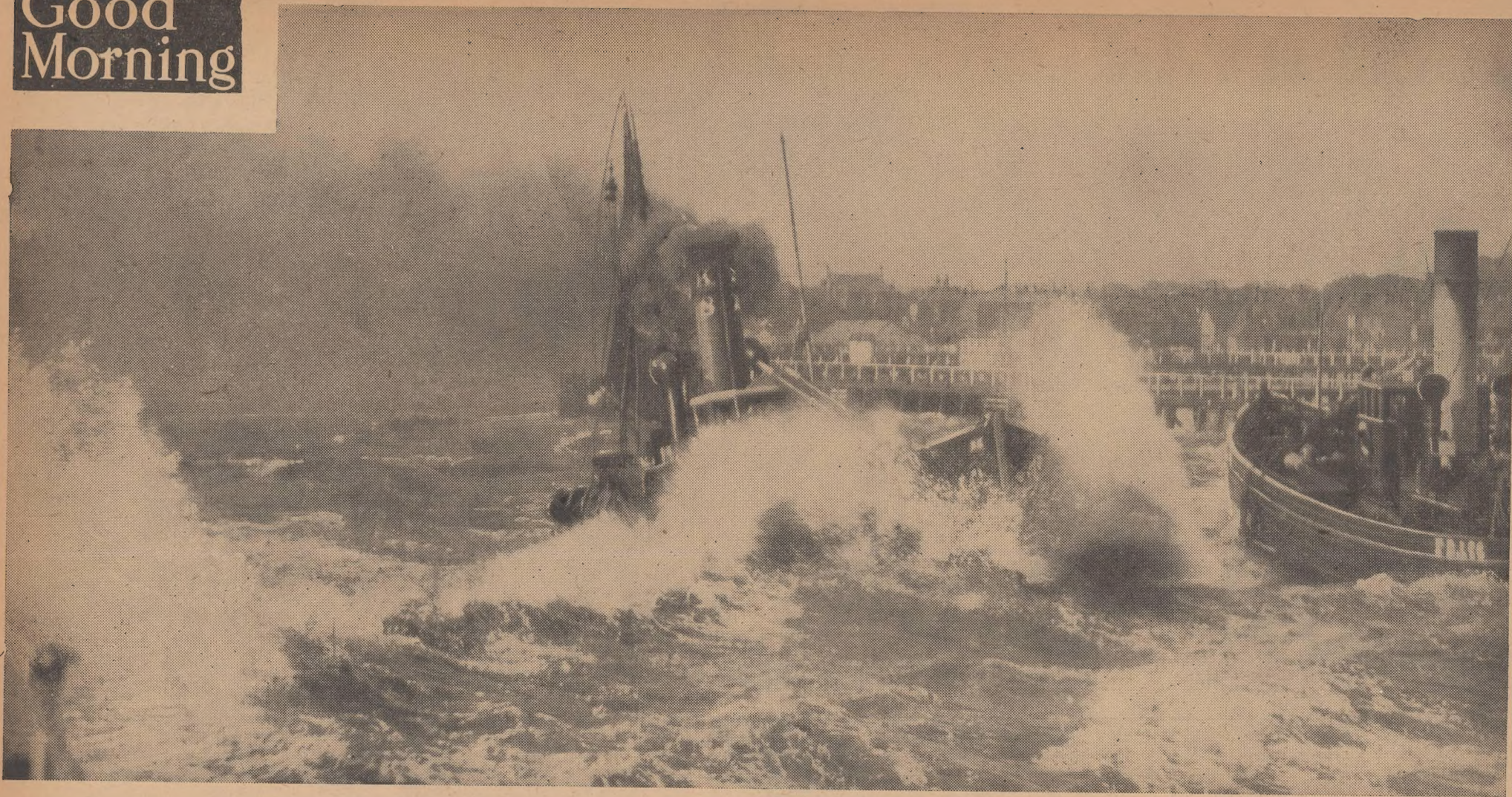
The Liberian Government bought her as an aid to collecting taxes, and as within five years of her arrival the country's revenue had doubled, she was no doubt a sound investment.

The Liberian crew which took over from the British stepped on board carrying gaily coloured parasols, shook hands with the officers, and thereafter protested strongly against the need to dirty their hands or perform any duty of a rough and hard character.

A scratch crew was eventually got together, and the "Lark"—now the entire Liberian Navy—set off upon its unenviable task of bringing to book the cannibals and expert mutilators who were giving trouble along the coast.



**Good
Morning**



**Same Ships—
Same Men—
Fishing Fleet
goes out to
Sweep Mines**

